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Evil Unicorns



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Chapter 1 by Unusual_Abby

They have been coming for years. Giving us signs. But now that's over. They're staying. And they don't want to share a planet.

They live in the water, but they live on land too. They walk, they swim, and they eat humans. They're cute, they're fluffy, and they're evil. They're known as the "Evil Unicorns".

Chapter 2 by Julie



The time has come where Earth will be destroyed by these fluffy evil unicorns that are doing an evil dance on rainbows. They will destroy everything on Earth.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Their hooves dancing on the sky is the death knell. Mothers huddle their children. Women hold their husbands. Robbers comfort the robbed. The end is neigh - I mean, nigh.

I have done nothing with my life, and now, I am going to pay for it.

Chapter 4 by thelastunicorn

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They came, they saw, they
and killing as much as they
Those darn unicorns can't be nice can they?

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fighting almost everybody
that they haven't killed yet.

Chapter 5 by BubbleTrouble



My parents were killed by them. I was asleep, and wasn't ready for what would happen next. The unicorns came into the house and attacked my parents. I heard a rumble in there room. It sounded like someone fell. So I checked in on them. When I had seen what they did to them, I ran out and into our basement. But when I got down there, I never expected to see **IT**.....

Chapter 6 by Selene S



A dark, skeletal horse with matted fur and mane, a twisted horn chipped in many places, glowing-coal eyes and its hooves in a similar state to its horn; bits of its fur had been scraped off completely, leaving bare flesh, and its face was simply a skull. I braced for its attack and my death but it ignored me, unlike the fluffy white killers that had invaded. Speaking of, it didn't even look like any of those pretty monsters. Don't get me wrong, it looked like a monster, but not those currently terrifying the globe. Perhaps it wasn't one of them and wouldn't attack like those had.

Chapter 7 by adware



It walked calmly up to me, and pricked me with its horn, on my stomach. I shut my eyes tight, preparing myself for disembowelment, however one can prepare for something like that. But it doesn't do more than scratch open a tiny hole, pushing a little of my blood onto the tip of its horn. Then the demonic creature retreats, pulls away the cold spear from my shivering flesh. It trotted up to my basement wall, and started scraping my blood onto it– though it had only pricked out a few drops from me, it seemed to make it stretch into the equivalent of a full tube of crimson paint that it now spread over the wall. I watched amazed as it drew lines, squares, xs. Slowly, I began to recognize the form of my house, as viewed down the beak of a haughty bird. And that squiggly line, traced from our position, through a window, through the garden– that was, it had to be an escape route.

The dark horse turned to me. I stared into the voids in its eyesockets.

Climb inside it said without any voice or gesture

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What choice did I have but to
friend?

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presented itself as a

I crouched under the horse, and rose into its open ribcage. I shoved myself inside securely, resting my stomach and keeping my grip on its massive sternum

It galloped toward the wall, and I tightened my hold, hugging the sternum like a surfer approaching a huge wave. It leaped at the window set in the concrete, crashed through the plate glass into the yard. I was protected completely by the bone cage around me, but it was difficult to be comforted by this when I heard this crash mimicked some eleven times, and turned my neck and saw the white murderers jumping through the windows of my house to pursue us, their faces red with the blood of my parents.

My saviour leapt the fence around our yard. But he did not keep galloping down the street— instead, he flattened himself against the fence.

“What are you doing?” I hissed.

Shut up, it said wordlessly, motionlessly. It pressed itself against the fence as hard as it could.

I watched the white horrors leap over the fence and us. Without glancing down or around to find us there, they ran steadily on down the street under the light of the streetlamps. My saviour stayed perfectly still, until we could no longer see them, and their bellowing whinnies blended in with the howling abandoned pets that had overtaken my neighborhood.

Are you a pacifist? I didn't hear it ask.

“What do you mean?”

Are you looking for revenge? Do you want to kill them.

I thought, but not for very long.

“Of course I want to kill them.”

Ok

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Everywhere I pointed it, the horn would go. I first realized this when I pointed it at the fence and the saviour punched a wide hole through it like some kind of pneumatic tool. I pulled the horse back, and craned to look through the hole. I could see a unicorn, white, guarding– no, it was too small, young. It must have been left behind, for its own protection. It sat, as horses don't.

I pulled my mount back for a running start and again rammed the fence– this time splintering it into firewood. The horse, perhaps pony, rose, alarmed.

I directed the horn directly at its forehead. My horse charged. I wanted to see its skull split open. I wanted to skewer its twisted brain.

I laughed into the chaos of the massacre. I had matured into an equestrian warlord.

Chapter 8 by Tricia L



I killed, maimed, and tortured every unicorn I could find, until it was just us and the unicorn leader.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" I chuckled, calling out with a voice that was slightly too sweet to be sincere.

We were blindsided by the unicorn leader, who stabbed its horn straight through me. I flipped off of my unnatural mount and onto the earth, a blood puddle already pouring.

I had no idea how I was still alive.

I staggered up as the unicorn laughed.

"Soon, all of your kind will die like you, courtesy of the skelecorns I've created!" it neighed in diabolical shrieks of amusement.

I recoiled with a start. Was I... already dead? But I wasn't killed! Besides that, I had just unleashed the final unicorn attack on the dregs of humanity!

"Your trial... is over."

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With my last breath, I grab

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the leader

I didn't get to see if it met its mark.

the end

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